

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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VOL 1.

Poetry.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

A DIALOGUE,
BETWEEN JENNY AND CARRY.

BY ELIZA R. SNOW.

Carry.—A friend of mother, sitting by,
With mournful look and tearful eye,
Took me from mother's side and press'd
Me gently, fondly to her breast.
I know—I felt with feelings wild
'Twas not my mother, clasp'd her child!
The lips that kiss'd me when I wept—
The eyes that watch'd me when I slept—
The heart that beat with loving pride—
The hand that all my wants supplied—
The tongue that taught me how to pray,
In the cold grave they laid away!

But Jenny, mother's words are true;
God is my friend and Father too,
He gave me friends who clothed and fed
Till I had strength to earn my bread:
He heals me when I'm sick—He hears
My childish prayer, and calms my fears.
Yet, while I feel that I am blest,
There is a longing in my breast
For mother. Mother—precious word—
The sweetest music, child has heard.

Though buried in the grave-yard bed,
I think my mother is not dead,
For many times I feel her near
And almost think, her voice I hear;
And many, many times she seems
To come and bless me, in my dreams.
How is it Jenny? Can it be
That mother watches over me?
I wish that I could understand
Something about the spirit land:
I cannot get it in my head
That people die, and are not dead.
And what is death—that fearful change
So very sad and very strange?

Jenny.—Carry, I've heard some people say
Death is a dark and lonely way:
But mother says when good folks die,
Angels of love, are waiting by
Who take their spirits by the hand
And guide them to the spirit land,
Or else in chariots bear them off,
As was Elijah born aloft
To lands where sickness cannot come,
Nor death to mar the joy of home.
There loving wives and husbands meet—
Parents, their children, fondly greet—
Brothers and sisters sweetly there,
Affection's purest pleasures share.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

My little friends, cultivate order in all things.
Have a place for everything; and keep everything
in its place. Be neat in your person, orderly in
your habits and regular in your lives; so shall you
enjoy life, and save yourselves many hours of un-
happiness and trouble.

They who act in the path of duty, and depend on
the power of God, are equally safe at all times
and in all circumstances, no less safe when sur-
rounded by enemies, than when encircled by kind
and assiduous friends.—[Newton.]

To lessen our desires is to increase our wealth.

TRAVELING.

EVERYBODY travels, either on foot, on horseback
in a carriage, or in some other way; and it is so
common that but few ask themselves how the people
of other countries travel. Yet there is a very great
difference in the modes of traveling in different
countries. The Esquimaux, who live in the Arctic
regions, travel in sleighs drawn by dogs. The Lap-
landers skim merrily over the frozen snow drawn
by an animal of the deer kind called the reindeer.
In this country we use oxen, horses and mules, to
be hauled in wagons, ride in carriages or go on
horseback. In a great many countries the people

gas is lighter than the air which surrounds the
earth, and the balloon is raised by it and floats in
the air. But they have not been able to bring it to
that degree of perfection by which they can go with
safety and certainty from the place where they
start to any other place which they desire to reach,
being subject, more or less, to be driven by the cur-
rents of wind, which are liable to move them in a
different direction to that which they might wish to
travel in.

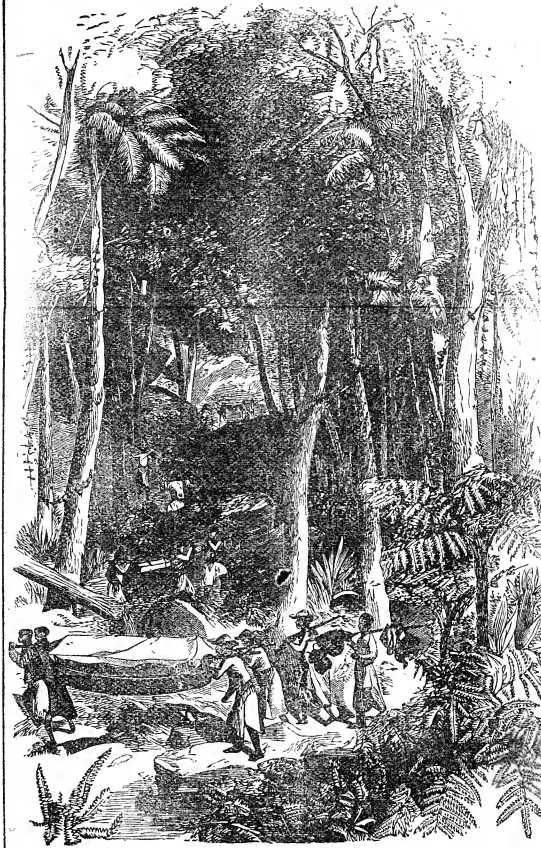
In some parts of Asia Minor, Arabia and North-
ern Africa people ride on camels, a curious and
valuable animal peculiarly adapted to travel over
great deserts where water is not plenty, as they
can drink enough water at one time to last them

for several days, being able
to hold some in reserve in a
kind of second stomach with
which they are provided by
the great Creator.

In India they often ride in
palanquins, a sort of carriage
or couch, covered over to
protect those riding in them
from the fierce rays of the
sun, and borne on poles, the
whole being carried by na-
tives of that country; they
who carry them are called
palanquin-bearers. Others
ride on elephants that have
places fastened on their backs
in which those who are thus
traveling can sit.

Our illustration shows you
a party of travelers journey-
ing through a forest in one
of those tropical countries.
You can see the manner in
which they are journeying;
and you may naturally con-
clude that the individuals
thus borne along are having
a much easier time than the
men who are carrying them.

When our young readers
grow up to be men and
women, many of the former
may have to go and bear the
gospel to the nations; and
when they are gone on such
a mission they will see many
things even more strange to
them than the various modes
of traveling employed by the



travel in railway cars, which are moved by steam
engines; and by this means they can go very quick-
ly from place to place. With oxen we can travel
from two to two and a half miles an hour; with
horses and mules people can go six, eight and ten
miles an hour; but, traveling by steam on railways,
they can move at the rate of twenty, thirty, and
sometimes sixty miles in an hour.

All this traveling is by land. By water people
go in sailing-ships, steam-vessels, etc. Some men
have tried to go from place to place in balloons,
which are filled with a certain kind of gas, having
a boat or car underneath in which they sit. The

people among whom they may be called to labor;
but they will also learn that every people in every
country, as far as they have had knowledge, have
tried to adapt themselves to the circumstances
around them and the means at their disposal, in
traveling as well as in many other things with
which our little friends are yet practically un-
acquainted.

VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.—Knowledge is the true
alchemy that turns everything it touches into gold.
It gives us dominion over nature, unlocks the store-
house of creation, and opens to us the treasures of
the universe.

(For the Juvenile Instructor.)

THE STORY OF DANIEL.
(CONCLUDED.)

AFTER Darius was made king of Babylon, he became acquainted with Daniel, and found him to be a man of great learning and wisdom. Daniel continued to serve and obey God, and the Spirit of God gave to Daniel great understanding and assisted him in the pursuit of wisdom and knowledge. And Darius the king, was partial to Daniel because of his uprightness, for he always spoke the truth in righteousness.

Darius could trust Daniel more than any of his own princes, so he preferred him and set him over all his realm. Then the wise men and princes were jealous of Daniel, and tried to accuse him to the king, but Daniel was so diligent and faithful, that they could not find any fault to complain of; and they said one to another, "We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, unless we find it against him concerning the law of his God."

They then consulted together and got up a writing for the king to sign, and the writing was a decree that for thirty days, no man should pray, or ask any petition of any God—except of the king; and if any man should violate this decree, he should be cast alive into a den of lions. The king did not realize that the wicked princes were doing this on purpose to destroy Daniel, and when they besought him to sign the decree, so as to make it a law, he put his own signature to it, merely to gratify them.

Daniel was told that Darius had signed the writing, but he feared God more than he feared the king's decree, and he continued to kneel down three times a day, as he was in the habit of doing, with his window open towards the temple in Jerusalem. And those wicked men watched him, and saw him kneel, and heard him pray to God, and they went and told the king that Daniel had broken the king's decree, and also that Daniel did not regard the king nor his laws; and they insisted that he should be cast into the lion's den.

Then the king was sorry that he had signed the writing, and determined to deliver Daniel if possible; but the men would not give him any peace, until he commanded Daniel to be brought and thrown into the den; but he told Daniel that the God whom he served, would deliver him. After they had put Daniel in the den, they brought a stone and placed it at the mouth of the den, and the king sealed it with his own seal, to make it sure.

The king was grieved, for he loved Daniel; and he went to his palace, and spent the night in fasting, and would not suffer any instrument of music to be brought into his presence. As soon as it was day, he went in haste to the den of lions. And when he came to the den, he called with a sorrowful voice, and said, "O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?"

Then Daniel answered the king, and said, "O king, live for ever. My God has sent His angel, and has shut the lions' mouths, and they have not hurt me: before him innocence was found in me; and before thee, O king, I have done no hurt." The king was exceedingly pleased, and commanded that Daniel should be taken up out of the den, and when he was taken up, they saw that he had not received any harm, for he trusted in God and He preserved him.

Then by the king's commandment, the men who had accused Daniel, were brought with all their wives and children, and were cast into the den of lions, and the lions were so hungry and furious that they sprang and seized them and mashed all their bones before they reached the bottom of the den.

And thus perished the enemies of that good man.

My dear little friends, I want you to think of what you read, that it may do you good. We have now finished this story of Daniel. It is a long story, and there is much to be learned from it. It teaches us that those who hate God, and oppose His servants will be destroyed; while those that serve God and seek always to do His will, He will preserve.

(For the Juvenile Instructor.)

SKETCHES FROM THE BOOK OF
MORMON.

AFTER the death of Enos, his son Jarom took charge of the plates, which were handed down successively to Omni, Amaron, Chemish and Abinadom. In the days of Amaleki, the son of Abinadom, the Lord warned a man named Mosiah to leave the land of Nephi, taking with him as many people as would go, and to journey to a land that the Lord would show him. Mosiah did as the Lord commanded him, being led by revelation and the power of God, until he came to a land called Zarahemla, where there were many inhabitants, who were called the people of Zarahemla, and whose forefathers had come from the land of Jerusalem at the time that Zedekiah, King of Jerusalem, was carried away as a prisoner to Babylon. They had been led from Jerusalem to the continent of America by the power and direction of the Lord, as Lehi, Ishmael and their families had been led before them. Mosiah and his people found them something like two hundred and fifty years after they had left Jerusalem, during which time their language had become so changed that they could not converse with the Nephites, and, not having had any records with them, as Lehi and Nephi had, they did not know anything about God nor Jesus Christ nor the Gospel. But Mosiah soon had some of them taught the language of the Nephites, and then he instructed them in regard to the law of Moses and the principles of the Gospel, and taught them to pray to God, to be industrious, honest, kind, clean and pure. The Nephites and the people of Zarahemla ultimately became united and chose Mosiah for their King.

During Mosiah's reign some one found and brought to him, a large stone filled with engravings or writings, which he interpreted by the gift and power of God, for, as we have seen, Mosiah was a very good man, and was a prophet and seer of the Lord. This stone gave an account of a man named Coriantumr, and his people, whose first parents came from the Tower of Babel at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people. They were led from that place, by the hand and power of the Lord, to the land of America, where they became a very great and mighty nation. They were very prosperous and happy so long as they remembered the Lord and kept His commandments; but they at length forgot God and became very wicked, after which they began to have wars among themselves, and ultimately destroyed each other, men, women and children, until there was only one man—Coriantumr—left, who was living and seen by the forefathers of the people of Zarahemla when they first arrived in America. So we see that America has been inhabited by three distinct races, or nations, before it was discovered by Columbus in the year 1492. The first was the nation whom we shall call the people of Coriantumr; the second, was the Nephite nation, and the third and last was the Lamanite race, from whom the Indians of our day have descended. The two first races became very populous, powerful and polished nations, very little, if at all inferior in numbers, wealth and intelligence, to the people of the United States in which we now live. They have left many monuments of their

greatness, in the shape of ruins of magnificent cities, temples, palaces, aqueducts, railroads, etc., which have withstood the action of time for more than 3,000 years. These ruins were discovered by Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood in their explorations of Central America; and a very eminent and talented English writer, thoughtfully has declared that the discoveries of these gentlemen prove that America must have been inhabited by three distinct races, two of which had entirely passed away before Europeans ever set foot upon its shores, only leaving behind them the monuments of their former greatness. Thus, you see, the testimony of these explorers and this writer—both given after the Book of Mormon was published—as well as every subsequent discovery in relation to American antiquities, agree with, and substantiate the truth of the Book of Mormon.

(For the Juvenile Instructor.)

GRATITUDE.

GRATITUDE of all the virtues may be considered the nearest relation to justice. Thankfulness acknowledges passing kindnesses by a bend of the head or by the expression of words; but gratitude never tires expressing itself in a more substantial way. Thanksgiving cannot be heart-felt unless it is prompted by gratitude. It is the offspring of gratitude.

Your parents and teachers tell you to say "thank you," when you receive a gift from their hands. This is as it should be. It is easily said, and very pretty when it is prettily said. Do you feel thankful when you say "thank you, ma'ma," or "thank you, sir"? If you do, that feeling is gratitude. When you have to be reminded to say "thank you" when you receive a favor or a kindness, then you do not feel grateful. Your thanks are only words without feeling. Gratitude never needs to be reminded to show itself in thanks, for it is always ready to do so without being told.

When you feel truly grateful for blessings and kindnesses and love which you daily receive from God, from your parents and from your friends, you cannot feel satisfied to only say "thank you" and no more, but you want to do something more real than to simply express two little words.

If you feel grateful to God for giving you good parents, good brothers and sisters, friends and teachers, and for letting you live upon this beautiful earth, to eat the fruit that He causes to grow on the trees, the bread made from the wheat that he causes to grow in the fields, etc., you will be willing to keep His commandments, as well as to simply thank him. And one great commandment to children is, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Another is to be good and kind to all, even to your enemies, if you have any. Jesus Christ said to his disciples, "For if ye love them which love you what thanks have ye? for sinners also love these that love them." "But love your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the highest: for He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil."

If you feel grateful to your parents for their constant care over you, you will be ready at all times to obey them without putting; you will try not to tear your clothing, and you will do all in your power to put your parents to as little trouble as possible.

If you feel grateful to your teachers, you will be willing to study your lessons faithfully; you will not grieve the heart of your parents and teachers by being fretful, sulky and disobedient.

If you have gratitude in your hearts it will show itself in good works, and in this way you may always know when you are grateful for all the many blessings which you daily enjoy.

Try to be grateful, my dear children, and you will always be thankful and just.

UNCLE GEORGE.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,.....EDITOR.

JULY 1, 1866.

FAITH AND ITS EFFECTS.



HE power of faith which children can exercise, if properly taught, is beautifully illustrated in the 26th chapter of the Book of Alma in the Book of Mormon. There was a great war raging between the Nephites and the Lamanites, and the Nephites were very much in want of soldiers and other help. Two thousand young men, whose parents were Lamanites who had been converted to the Lord, volunteered to go and help their brethren, the Nephites. Helaman, a prophet of God, was chosen by them to be their leader. The fathers of those young men could not become soldiers themselves; for, when they were converted to the Lord, they had made a covenant to the Lord that they would never take any kind of a weapon again with which to fight and shed the blood of man. They had also buried their swords and other weapons in the earth.

Those young men had grown up after their fathers had made this covenant. Their mothers had taught them that, if they did not doubt, God would deliver them. This was their faith, and Helaman was much delighted to see how firm and courageous they were. In their first battle they fought with miraculous strength, and whipped their enemies so completely that they gave themselves up as prisoners of war. The Lamanites were frightened at the vigor and power with which those boys fought, and there were large numbers of them killed; but not one of the boys was killed. This was very remarkable; but it was because of their great faith in God through the teachings of their mothers.

In another battle which they fought, when the rest of the army was about to give way before the Lamanites, they stood firm and obeyed every order with exactness. They saved the battle by their coolness and bravery. Out of their number there were two hundred who had fainted through the loss of blood. But to the astonishment of the whole army as well as their enemies, all of whom had witnessed their great valor, there was not one soul of them who died, and yet they had all received many wounds. Among their brethren, the Nephites, belonging to the same army, there were one thousand men slain.

Children, why was it that these young men, who were in the thick of the fight, escaped death, while others of their brethren were slain? Helaman in writing to Moroni, the Nephite General, about this battle, explains how they were saved. He says: "we justly ascribe it to the miraculous power of God, because of their exceeding faith in that which they had been taught to believe, that there was a just God, and whosoever did not doubt they should be preserved by his miraculous power." By reading this account, you can see the great power which children can exercise through having faith in God.

David, king of Israel, when a boy, had great faith. There was a giant by the name of Goliath, who, when Saul was king, defied Israel. Nobody dared to fight him, the whole army being afraid of him. David, when he heard what Goliath said, thought it a shame for Israel to let an uncircumcised Philistine defy the armies of the living God. He volunteered to go and fight with him. David had killed a lion and a bear, that had attacked his

sheep while he was herding; and he told the king that the Lord who had delivered him out of the paws of the lion and the bear would deliver him out of the hand of the Philistine giant. David took his sling and picked five smooth stones out of the brook; he slung one of those stones at him, and hit the giant in the forehead and killed him. He tumbled to the ground, and David ran and drew the giant's sword and cut off his head with it. Thus, this stripling, through his faith in God, gained a great victory over a man who thought, because of his size and strength, that he could prevail over every one who opposed him. You can read this in 1st Samuel, 17th chapter.

Children, this is a precious gift, this gift of faith which God has restored once more to the earth. You can have the faith of Joseph, of Samuel, of David and of the young men who went to battle under Helaman, if you will seek for it. They all, by their faith, accomplished mighty works. They "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens," etc. Hebrews 11th chapter.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

LITTLE GEORGE PINES FOR LIBERTY.

A TRUE STORY.

AFTER dinner was over, the boys were allowed to play a short time in the big yard before going to school again in the afternoon; but little George did not play, for he did not yet like any of the boys well enough to play with them. He liked well enough to eat his breakfast and his dinner and his supper every day, when they were ready; but he could not get used to being shut up inside big walls; and like a little bird, after it had been caught and shut up in a cage, he pined for liberty.

After the afternoon school was over, the boys had three or four hours to play before they went to bed. They had their supper of oatmeal porridge and milk by daylight in summer time, and then they went early to bed,—that is, they went to bed before it began to be dark. In the evening little George would go into the garden where he could see the big city, and would sit there for hours, thinking about the time when he could play any where he had a mind to, and he would think of the shop windows he used to look into to see the pretty pictures. When he would hear the old church bells ringing in the distance, he would feel so bad that he would cry until he could cry no more. Then he would be tempted to hide himself under a bush until it was dark, and climb the walls and run away to his loved play-grounds, and to his little ragged play-mates whom he liked so well to play with. When these thoughts came into his mind, he would think of the good old school teacher who was so kind and tender to him, and who was teaching him every day to read, and he would think of the poor little cripple boy whom he so much pitied and who had given him a part of his breakfast when he was so hungry. He did not like to have them think that he was a bad boy, and then he would make up his mind that he would not run away.

It was a long time before he could make himself happy with what he thought was his cruel lot. In the night time when he was asleep he would dream that he was just going to get away, but when he was on the point of gaining his freedom, the horrid, cross old nurse would appear, and drag him back again behind the high, ugly-looking walls; then he would wake up screaming with fright.

He had been at school but a few days, and he could read the alphabet all the way down without

making a mistake; but when the school-master would show him the letters, not one after another, then he could not call them by name, for he had not learned to read them that way yet. He felt quite glad that he could say them one after another, and when the school-master would pat him on the head, (and little George had a very nice head of curly hair,) and call him a smart little boy, and tell him that he was learning very fast, he felt that he was a smart boy, and that he would show the kind old school-master how much smarter he would be by learning still faster. He still wore his ragged city clothing, for he had not been in the poor-house long enough yet to get a change of clothing; he had only been there a few days, but the time seemed to pass away so slowly that it appeared to him a long time since that dreadful night when the man dragged him behind the gate with the iron grating in it.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

EDDY'S PET BLACKBIRD.

LITTLE Eddy had a pet blackbird of which he was very fond. He lived in a country in Europe where blackbirds are plenty; but he had got this bird when it was very young and had taken care of it until it grew to be a full-sized bird. He did not keep it in a cage, for he could not bear, though a child, to see anything confined; so it used to fly about the house, get into quiet corners and whistle beautifully, or light on little Eddy's shoulder at meal time when he would feed it with little crumbs.

He was very fond of his pet, for he did not love many things, but when he did love anything it was with a very strong love. He would watch this bird all day long, as he had opportunity, and was pleased when it flew down and snatched away his marbles or the light toys with which he might be playing, carrying them off to a little hiding-place of its own.

The house in which little Eddy lived was an old fashioned one, very common in the country where he was born. It had no ceiling, but there were beams across underneath the roof inside. On one of these beams his blackbird was accustomed to roost, like a chicken; and close by it had its hiding place.

One evening a cat, that had watched it for some time, got up near this beam, and when the blackbird flew up there, she seized and killed it, and carried it out to eat. When little Eddy found that the cat had killed his bird, he cried bitterly for a little while, and then he determined to be revenged on the cat.

This was very wrong in him, for the cat only obeyed its instinct in hunting after food, when it lay in wait for and killed his bird. But he did not know this, or if he did, he did not think of it. All he thought of was that his bird was killed, and he would kill the cat. He was not of a revengeful disposition, but he had dearly loved his bird. So one night soon after, he got the cat cornered, and he killed her. She struggled hard for life, but his feelings were bitter, and he did not cease until she was dead. Then he wished he had not done it. He felt that killing the cat did not restore his blackbird to him and he felt sad.

He was only a child, but the struggles of the cat for its life clung to him; and he never sought revenge afterwards, even for an injury done to himself. He felt that revenge is not sweet, but bitter; and that, as we yield to passion, so do we make miserable thoughts for ourselves. Can my young readers draw a lesson from little Eddy and his bird?

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleased too little or too much:
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride or little sense.

—[Poet.]

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

(CONTINUED.)

GREAT interest was felt by the Prophet Joseph Smith and the leading Elders in the condition of the Saints in Missouri. Joseph had received a revelation respecting Zion and her afflictions. This was forwarded by the brethren in Kirtland, accompanied by a petition, which they signed, to the Governor of Missouri, Daniel Dunklin. Joseph urged them to spare no pains to get the facts before the authorities. Said he, "let our rulers read their destiny, if they do not lend a helping hand." The brethren in Zion (as the land of Missouri was then called) exerted themselves to comply with his counsel. A petition, signed by a number of the brethren who had been expelled from Jackson county, also a letter which they had written, were sent to the President of the United States—Andrew Jackson. A letter was also sent to Thomas H. Benton, Senator from Missouri to the United States Congress, informing him of the purport of the petition sent to the President, and requesting his assistance in the matter; a constant correspondence also was kept up with Governor Dunklin.

The petition and letter sent to the President were referred by him to Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, who returned the Saints an unfavorable answer. He said, in effect, that their case, as it then stood, did not come within the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, and, therefore, the President could not interfere. A very poor consolation for people who had bought lands from the General Government, and been driven from them by mob violence! The State Government would not exert its power to restore the people to their houses and lands, and now that the Parent Government had been applied to, no help could be obtained from it! In the meantime the mob in Jackson County were very violent. They drank whiskey, and swore and raved about the "Mormons," and made a bonfire of nearly all the Saints' houses, numbering about one hundred and seventy. No Latter-day Saint dare enter into the county, for wherever they caught one they abused him horribly.

Joseph was not without his difficulties in Kirtland, Ohio. The people were poor, and means to carry on the Work of the Lord was very scarce. This tied up his hands very much. He had bitter foes also to contend with. An apostate by the name of Doctor P. Hurlburt visited the State of New York, and gathered up all the ridiculous stories that could be invented about Joseph and the Smith family. He also obtained affidavits about their characters. These were utterly false. With these papers he returned to Ohio, and stirred up much indignation against Joseph Smith and the Church, by relating those falsehoods to numerous congregations. He threatened to take Joseph's life, if he could not destroy the work in any other way. For these threats he was tried, and had to give bonds to keep the peace for six months, and had to pay three hundred dollars for costs. This man's schemes and wickedness were defeated by the brethren's faith and prayers.

In February, 1834, Joseph received a command from the Lord to raise the strength of His (the Lord's) house from the various branches of the Church, and go up to redeem Zion. On the 26th of February, 1834, Joseph started from home to obtain volunteers for that purpose. Before he

started, a council of Elders was held, in which Joseph was accepted as Commander-in-Chief of the armies of Israel and leader of those who should volunteer to go and assist in the redemption of Zion. He was absent on that mission, gathering up young and middle-aged men in the Eastern country until March 28th, when he returned to Kirtland. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon the young men who belonged to the Church, and they cheerfully volunteered to go on that great mission. Many of them collected together at Kirtland; and, on the fifth of May, Joseph with a company of about one hundred persons, and their baggage wagons, moved out of Kirtland. When the company arrived at Missouri it numbered about two hundred and five men, and several women and children; a number of brethren from various places having joined the camp while it was on the march. The company was mostly young men, and nearly all of them were Elders, Priests, Teachers or Deacons. The wagons were so filled with baggage that the brethren had to travel the greater portion of the way on foot; and the roads were so bad, especially in the beginning of the journey, that they had to assist the teams and draw the wagons through bad places with ropes.

This company is known in history and among the Saints as "Zion's Camp." In the early history of the Church, Zion's Camp stands out prominently as a most important organization. The mission which the Camp was called to fill was very trying to the brethren who volunteered and composed it. The greater number of them, however, distinguished themselves during the trip by their faithfulness and zeal, and they have since been called to fill important positions in the Church. Presidents Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, several of the Apostles, Presidents of the Seventies and other leading men, were in that Camp, and while there, exhibited the qualities which have since, been witnessed in their public careers.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

Voices from Nature.

ANTS.

How often have I heard the question asked: What are such insects as flies, mosquitoes, etc. good for in this world? My young friends, perhaps, have made similar remarks, when they have suffered some inconvenience from some of these little creatures. They have probably, fallen into the common error, which mankind has cherished more or less from the beginning, that the whole world was made only for man's comfort and use, and anything that could not be in some way or another used by him was utterly useless or even worse than that, and had to be taken notice of for no other purpose but to be destroyed. Our Father in heaven has made man the master of this earth and of the fullness thereof, to cultivate, beautify, enjoy and, eventually, sanctify it under the guidance of the Holy Spirit; but every thing thereon has its own peculiar mission independent of the service it may be able to render to man. The flower that blossoms in the deep fissures of the Rocky Mountains, inaccessible to man, is just as fragrant as the one adorning our gardens; the nightingale sings her melodies in the dark, wild forests, just as sweetly as in the parks of the English nobleman, and the bee gathers his honey in the wilds of the Orinoco as industriously as in our hives. Whatever the motive of the Creator has been in assigning so many of these little animals a place in the great household of nature and how inexplicable soever the necessity of their existence may appear to us—there they are, and as He has made nothing in vain—they also have their share in the operation of that great mechanism, which we call world. If we have not the wisdom of Solomon, of whom the fable tells us that he understood the language of the animals and could converse with them; we certainly have eyes to see and reason to contemplate the doings of the animal world. Here are the ants, for instance, these pests

of the gardens and orchards, what of them? They would bring to shame some of those lazy chaps, that will eat their bread without working for it, and teach a lesson of order and obedience to all wayward boys by the industry, order and regularity with which they attend to their duties.

There are about ten different kinds of ants which never mix up with one another, but often engage in bitter wars. The little brown ant is known to be the fiercest in these combats, and is generally the victor. Their dwellings consist of numerous subterranean streets, large halls and little cells, which are kept clean by ants, that have been made prisoners in battle with another kind; they have therefore slavery as an institution. About day break, one ant, the guard, makes his appearance before an opening of their settlement to observe the weather, and if he reports everything favorable, you will see in a few minutes the whole city astir; some clearing out the mud from the gates, to have the passage open, others rush off in search of food, whilst another portion is engaged in carrying out the eggs in the sun and attending to the young and the sick, and finally the warriors form a home-guard ready at any moment to rush upon an approaching enemy in the defence of their camp. Although no voice has been discovered, they nevertheless have some means to send messages in a few moments throughout the whole tribe in moments of danger.

It is a beautiful Spring morning, and the young ones in the tribe that have attained to an age, in which they are able to take care of themselves, are so numerous that the place cannot hold them all, and they are obliged to emigrate and form a new colony for themselves. They have all wings then, and, off they go, all at once; but you will see the old ones following them a long way from their little mound, and some even climb to the tops of the spears of grass around, to have a last look at them. That new tribe will soon find a place, settle down, lose their wings, get young ones of their own and live like their forefathers did. But when they happen to settle too near other settlements of ants, especially of another kind, they will have to fight, and either give up and go somewhere else, or make slaves of their enemies, or be made slaves themselves.

But there is a kind of brown ant in South America and Mexico, that is a stockraiser. Now do not think that they keep horses, mules or cattle—but yet they have cows—that is, cows in their own way. A plant grows in those countries, called the cactus, upon which lives the Chocchinilla, an insect somewhat in the form and size of our friend and acquaintance, the bedbug, which yields a red substance, that is gathered also by the people as valuable dye-stuff. This substance, on account of its sweetness, the ants are very fond of, and they therefore love to settle beneath such cactus plants, where they go up under the leaves and gently knock those bugs on their backs until they give up their fluids, which is devoured by their masters.

Now, one question, my young friends, and I have done; do you think we are right in looking with contempt on these little creatures, among whom there is so much that is beautiful, astonishing and almost resembling man in his actions? We may destroy them, when they endanger the fruits of our labor and the hope of our gardens; but wantonly to destroy them, where they do no harm, is there not a voice coming to you as from the angel of Nature saying: What doest thou? Why doest thou persecute these little ones? There is room for all of you in this wide world of the Great God.

K. G. M.

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